Jolly SAILOR
OR THE
Lady of Greenwich.

A Lady born of birth and fame.
To Greenwich Town of pleaſure came,
Where ſhe a Sailor did behold,
Both tall and trim, of courage bold.
She view'd him with her lovely eyes,
Her heart was fill'd with great ſurprize;
For he was handſome, tall, and trim,
The lady fell in love with him.
Her chief care was to let him know,
How ſhe did love this Sailor ſo;
And as they met once on a day,
She to the Sailor thus did ſay:
I underſtand you have no wife,
What makes you lead a ſingle life?
The Sailor thus to her reply'd,
I for myſelf can ſcarce provide.
And if I had a family,
Their wants I cannot well ſupply;
Beſides, Lady, there's one thing more,
Was I to go where cannons roar,
When any miſchance ſhould happen to me,
There's no one left to mourn for me.
This is a ſad argument, ſhe ſaid,
Many a young lady would be glad,
Of ſuch a brisk young man as you;
I'd have you bid the ſeas adieu.
You are welcome, Lady, then ſaid he,
Thus to jeſt and joke with me.
No, I am ſerious, Sir, ſhe cry'd,
And a match for you I will provide;
She has beauty and wit, as you'll find,
I make no doubt but ſhe'll pleaſe your mind.
She's much like me in each degree,
I wiſh it was the ſame, quoth he.
You have your wish, home take your love,
And I'll adore you by all above.
Ten thouſand pounds a year ſhe had,
'Tis enough to quit the ocean wide,
She cloathed him that very day,
And they were married ſtraitway.
A ſhort time after this they went
And lived in the Weild of Kent;
A Lady he has got for his wife,
Far better than a ſingle life.
Servants he has daily at his call,
Their marriage made him lord of all;
To ſea he never will go more,
For this Lady does him adore.